SOME ITEMS OF SPORT.

Some Close Finishes.

Washington Post.

President Nick Young, whose memory is ever green with the remarkable events that marked the various close and enthralling finishes of championship races, chatted entertainingly on the past glories of champions who grasped the situation at the final moment and stood, so to say, in the center of the stage at the grand climax.

"I want to say at the start that the alleged brawls on the diamond this season between the umpires and players were, in the main, grossly exaggerated," began Mr. Young. "In a race that is so close and exciting as the one that is now about to be determined it is but natural that the players' zeal, their desire to win, should result in disputes that would never occur if the race were tame, and less depended on the result of a game. The very fact that these disputes arose argues above everything else the honesty and fairness of baseball. Indeed, it would seem to me, or to any one else interested in baseball, that these quibbles on the ball field are arguments for rather than against the conduct of the players.

"Of course, I don't want to be misconstrued. I am not in favor of upholding ungentlemanly conduct on the ball field, but it is my opinion that there are very few instances of actual blackguarding in the major league ranks this season. But the public should and does condone these petty offenses, such as disputes with the umpires in closely contested games. It is but human nature to quibble for one's rights or fancied rights on or off the ball field, and when the interest of a ball player is at stake he is bound to be swayed by impulse unless he is indifferent and shiftless. So I trust the public will forgive the various little spats that have arisen on the spur of the moment between the players and the handlers of the indicator this season. You know it is an oft-repeated tale, this one about the brawls and kicks, and of course the closer the race the more frequent are the quibbles.

"The race for the flag this season recalls close finishes in bygone years in the major league and the old American association. One of the most exciting struggles for the pennant developed at the close of the season of 1889, in the league and association. The Boston club owners, Messrs. Soden, Conant and Billings, spent money with a lavish hand in the winter of '88 and '89, with a view to organizing a team that would beat out the champion Giants, who had won the pennant the previous year, and beaten the St. Louis Browns for the championship of the world. The team gathered by the Boston triumvirate for '89 was made up, in the main, of picked players, stars in their various positions. Such a team as Boston sent to face the issue that year won a pennant in '87. I refer to the old Detroit team, with Hanlon, Rowe, Thompson, White and Brouthers.

"There was as much speculation in the spring of '89 as to whether New York could repeat her performance of the previous year, and win another pennant. The race was a see-saw from the early spring to the fall, and the public throughout the country in the minor and major leagues was aroused. October 5, the last day of the season, decided the championship, with Boston and New York fighting in the van, and two games to determine the possessor of the pennant. The Giants played in Cleveland that day, and the Bostons in Pittsburg. New York won from Cleveland and Boston was defeated by Pittsburg, and by the victory on that memorable day the Giants wrested the pennant from the grasp of the Beaneaters. But New York and Boston were not the only teams whose fortunes were decided on that day. Six clubs depended on the final games of October 5 to decide their status in the championship race. The other four were Chicago, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Philadelphia.

"The race in the American association in '89 had St. Louis and Brooklyn fighting for the flag on the last day of the season, October 15. The St. Louis Browns, four-time pennant winners, were defeated by the Cincinnati Reds on that day, and a victory by the Brooklyn Bridegrooms on the same day knocked the Browns out of their fifth successive pennant, and settled what might have developed into a serious dispute had the Browns won their last game. For had Cincinnati fallen, the Browns by winning two postponed games from Brooklyn would have won the pennant. Whether these postponed games could have been played in accordance with the rules of the old association was a question.

"The season of '88 in the major league furnished another uncertain and feverish campaign. The race began to wax warm early in September, when New York had a slight lead over Chicago. At the end of the month, New York, after a succession of victories, had a pretty clean lead. Then the race settled down to a struggle bewteen Chicago, Boston, Detroit and Philadelphia for second honors. The struggle between these teams was intensely interesting, and resulted in Chicago finishing second to New York, while Philadelphia, after a grand rally, egged on by the lamented Harry Wright, landed closely behind Chicago, driving Boston into fourth and Detroit into fifth place.

"This struggle in '88 recalls an interesting chapter in the game, as it brought East a championship that the East was deprived of for four years, or since the Providence team was pitched into the pennant by Charley Radbourne in '84. The season of '83 in the American association, then in its second year, witnessed another sensational finish between the St. Louis Browns, under the guidance of Charley Comiskey, and the old Athletics. Both teams were exactly tied in the number of games lost and won on the closing day of the season. The deciding game was played in Philadelphia, and the Athletics won by one tally.

"The season of '94 kept the public guessing till the approach of the finale. But that year's fight for the pennant was remarkable only so far as it concerned three clubs. The most remarkable achievement accomplished that season was the rise of Mr. Hanlon to fame as a manager, and the long and successive string of victories of the Giants under the guidance of Johnnie Ward. The Giants started out that season with a long string of defeats, but gathered their mettle and might in August and September, and reinforced by that superb battery, Meekin and Farrell, finished second to Baltimore, and beat the Orioles out for the Temple Cup.

"The year of '95 was interesting in one respect. Six weeks before the end of that season the first nine teams in the race had a chance to finish as pennant winners. [illegible] was that of '91, when the championship club was separated from the [illegible] by but .222 percentage points [illegible]

[illegible] St. Louis was the [illegible]

for its actors. In those days there were games played for the world's championship between the winners of the League and Association pennants. Anson won the League bunting that year, and the St. Louis Browns beat out the other seven clubs for the Association flag.

"The deciding game in this world's series was played on the grounds of the St. Louis Browns. One run was needed to win the game for the Browns in the last inning, and one hand was out. Carruthers pitched for the Browns and John Clarkson for the Whites. Curtis Welch, one of the star outfielders in the Association, and a great run-getter came to the bat in the ninth and was hit in the arm by a pitched ball. He stole to second, and was playing off second base, when Latham sent a fly ball to Abner Dalrymple, who was playing left field. The situation was pretty near up to Dalrymple, and he realized it to the extent of nervousness. First he misjudged the ball and finally muffed it. Welch, who was half way between second and third, sped like a bullet to the home base. Dalrymple's throw to backstop Flint was beaten out by Welch by a scant step, and a world's championship was lost and won on Dalrymple's tragic misplay and Welch's brilliant play. Clarkson, who had pitched a superb game that day, burst into tears, and I dare say that the stout hearts of every member of the Whites melted and burst from their eyes in the quiet of their rooms on that eventful evening.

"The season of '82 gave the public no little excitement as regards a finish. The race was nip and tuck between the Chicago and Providence teams till within a week of the season's end. Mr. Anson was victorious for the third successive season, beating out the Providence team by three games.

"Perhaps the best evidence of the improvement in the game from a scientific point of view is that the championship races of recent years are more interesting and closer than in the early days of the game. This improvement is brought about by the development of players who are nearer abreast of each other in point of ability, thus making the clubs better matched and a better race between the various teams. When you come to figure it to a fine point, there never was a time in the game's history when so well matched a body of athletes entered the baseball arena as the teams that represent the major league this year. Take the series between Boston and Washington for example. Though the Beaneaters have the better of the fight with Baltimore for the pennant, they were barely able to win seven, or a majority of one game, from the Senators, who are a second division team, as viewed from the percentage column. The Brooklyn team went to Cincinnati this year and won three straight games from Mr. Ewing's team, when the Reds were conceded to have a bright chance for the pennant.

"Of course this argues the uncertainty of baseball, but, at the same time, it proves to me that the teams of the major league are all-in-all finely matched, and there is less difference as regards native ability than the percentage column would have us believe. This season has been a trying one on the pitchers in the leading clubs. Just fancy the responsibility that has rested on the broad shoulders of Mr. Nichols and Mr. Rusie, who have accomplished miracles for their teams."

Pennant Races.

For the convenience of those who would like to realize just how close the race was as compared with that of other years, the following table is appended, showing the records of the first and second clubs at the end of each season since the league's inception in 1876:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
1876—			
Chicago	52	14	.788
Hartford	47	21	.691
1877—			
Boston	31	18	.633
Louisville	28	21	.571
1878—			
Boston	41	19	.707
Cincinnati	37	23	.617
1879—			
Providence	55	23	.705
Boston	49	29	.628
1880—			
Chicago	67	17	.798
Providence	52	32	.619
1881—			
Chicago	56	28	.667
Providence	47	37	.559
1882—			
Chicago	55	29	.655
Providence	52	32	.619
1883—			
Boston	63	35	.643
Chicago	59	39	.602
1884—			
Providence	84	28	.750
Boston	73	38	.658
1885—			
Chicago	87	25	.776
New York	85	27	.758
1886—			
Chicago	90	34	.725
Detroit	87	36	.707
1887—			
Detroit	79	45	.637
Philadelphia	75	48	.610
1888—			
New York	84	47	.641
Chicago	77	58	.578
1889—			
New York	83	43	.659
Boston	83	45	.648
1890—			
Brooklyn	86	43	.667
Chicago	83	53	.610
1891—			
Boston	87	51	.630
Chicago	82	53	.607

In 1892 the association joined with the league in the present combination. The records of the two leading clubs are as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
1892—			
Boston	102	48	.680
Cleveland	93	56	.624
1893—			
Boston	86	44	.662
Pittsburg	81	48	.628
1894—			
Baltimore	89	39	.695
New York	88	44	.667
1895—			
Baltimore	87	43	.669
Cleveland	84	46	.646
1896—			
Baltimore	90	39	.698
Cleveland	80	48	.625

The race more nearly approaching in closeness that of this season was run in 1889, when but 11 points separated the first two clubs, Boston having won the same number of games as New York but had lost two more.

The Inside of It.

Baltimore News.

The phenomenal ill-luck which has pursued the Orioles this year was continued, when Corbett was incapacitated for duty before yesterday's game had fairly begun. Corbett was Baltimore's sole dependence to win the decisive battle, and Corbett had to be laid away in raw cotton when but four men had faced him. Hoffer had not had sufficient rest. Nops and Amole were left-handers—easy for the visitors—and Pond was too uncertain a quantity. That drive of Stahl's "killed father." It was a bitter hour for the 26,000 or 27,000 people who had come prepared to make the welkin ring for the three-time champions. Nops, who succeeded "Brother Joe," was ineffective, and, after one harsh inning, gave way to Hoffer, who proved a hollow mockery to Baltimore hopes. Eleven hits and nine runs in one inning isn't a record to gloat over, so the page was turned to Amole, who promptly soiled it with two Boston tallies, though Boston would have won anyway. Nichols pitched about the same sort of a game as on Friday. The Orioles opened on him savagely, but after the second inning they failed to land safely until Nichols let down in consequence of the big lead his team had. The fielding of both teams was execrable. Poor throws abounded. There was little on either side to commend. The score:

Baltimore—10 runs, 14 hits, 5 errors.
Boston—19 runs, 23 hits, 3 errors.

After a retrospective view of the game yesterday, it is easy to criticise—much easier than to tell at the time what should or should not have been done. As things turned out, the most glaring slip-up in judgment was made when Hoffer was kept at work, despite his evident desire to give way to a more effective man. In that fatal seventh inning when the "Wizard" felt his cunning deserting him, he signed. Throwing down the ball, he attempted to leave the box, but was prevented by Robinson and McGraw, who believed the let-up was but temporary. Not only was the action fatal, but it seemed to show the Orioles plainly that every chance to win the game was not to be taken, and it is no wonder that, weighed down by those nine runs, the home team lost its snap and fire. When the first symptom of that slugging came Hoffer should have been replaced by Amole or Pond. Where was Pond, by the way? Manager Hanlon and Captain Robinson were both under the impression that the Bostonians could do anything they pleased with any left-hander, but Pond does not belong to that class. In a game like yesterday's, when neither team was ahead further than three or four runs, it was not settled by any means. It looked as if Nops was removed too quickly, and Hoffer was allowed to remain until the visitors were twelve runs to the good.

A CHINESE TRAGEDY.

New York, September 24.—A serious play of Chinese life, in which all the characters are Celestials, is the latest and probably the most unique venture ever launched upon the metropolitan dramatic sea. A similar play was tried in San Francisco not long ago, when "The First Born" was produced in the Alcazar theater by Fred Belasco. It was a great success out there, and Charles Frohman made arrangements to bring it to his Empire theater next month, intending that it should be the first Chinese play to be seen in the East. But Oscar Hammerstein stole a march on Mr. Frohman and has already given us a Chinese play, much to the Empire manager's disgust.

"The Cat and the Cherub" is the title of the drama—or, to speak more correctly, tragedy. It was taken from a short story of the same name by Chester Bailey Fernald which appeared in the Century Magazine some time ago. The story was dramatized by its author and is being presented in lavish style by Mr. Hammerstein in his Olympia theater.

Notwithstanding San Francisco approved of "The First Born" the theatrically inclined of New York were not a little doubtful as to the outcome of the experiment with "The Cat and the Cherub" in the metropolis. The Chinaman is so little in favor with his Caucasian brothers it was feared they would refuse to take him seriously. Until recently he claimed the attention of the playwrights only to be handled from a contemporaneous or farcical point of view. But now the latter has taken him up in earnest. He is made a hero, a lover, a sage, a villian. In fact, he is admitted to be human, to have a soul—something which only the missionaries would stand for before.

It is not strange, then, that managers and public should look at the venture in surprise and wondered as to its outcome. But "The Cat and the Cherub," though it does not strike the mark itself, has proved to both that a serious Chinese drama is not only possible but feasible.

The plot of this play is simple but tragic. Told in any but the stately, poetic style which Mr. Fernald has employed, it would be only melodramatic. From the ordinary spectator's point of view it is to be regretted that he did not shun rhetorical flights and work more in present-day fashion. The fruits of his labor might not have been quite so artistic as they now undoubtedly are, but they would be generally appreciated. He has put fine words and the expression of lofty thoughts into the mouths of men whom we are accustomed to think of only as bending over the washtub. He has made them heroes in a frigid, inactive way, but has failed to inject into them any of the decided action which is necessary to stir audiences.

The result of this is that the play is dreadfully slow and rather irritating in movement. After admiring the picturesque stage setting representing an alley and street of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and evincing the ordinary interest in the personality of the various characters on their first appearance, the spectator sits wearily back and awaits the final curtain. The novelty wears off very quickly and nothing appears to take its place till the very last. Even murder, which comes in the meantime, is done with such stiffness that it fails to thrill. Love, hate and vengeance are the themes of the play, but they are presented with no fire or emotion. Long, tedious speeches, enlivened by but little interesting "business," follow one another from first to last.

The outline of the story of "The Cat and the Cherub" is quickly told. Chim Fang, the keeper of an opium den, is in love with Ah Yoi, niece of Hoo King, a wealthy merchant. But he is more in love with her uncle's money. Ah Yoi despises Chim Fang and has given her heart to Sun Luey, the son of Wing Shee, a learned doctor. Of course Sam Luey returns her affection. Hoo King has a little son, Hoo Chee, the "cherub." The cat of the title is Hoo Chee's pet and the mascot of the family. Chim Fang, though pretending to be Hoo King's best friend, kidnaps his son and takes him to an underground opium den to hold him for ransom. Hoo King, crazed with grief, offers a big money reward and the hand of his niece, Ah Yoi, to the man who returns his son San Luey, in attempting to rescue the cherub and win his sweetheart is stabbed to death by Chim Fang. When maiden hears of her lover's death she goes insane. But retribution overtakes the villainous Chim Fang. The sage, Wing Shee, rescues the cherub and avenges his son's death by slaying his murderer.

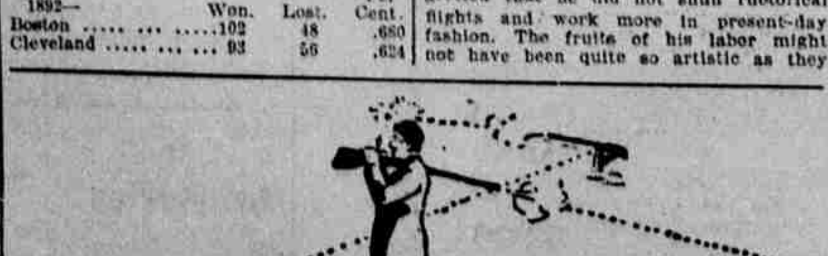
From this sysopsis it can be seen what ample oportunity there is in the play for telling acting. But with the exception of the last not a single scene is worked up to a stirring climax.

The one convincing bit of acting is the vengeance of Wing Shee. The way the old man, sitting beside the keeper of the opium den, rehearses from his imagination the circumstances of the abduction and murder, gradually working the guilty culprit to a state of terror, and then, seizing him by the throat, strangles him with his own queue and places the dead body in an upright posture on the bench beside him to sit down quietly and discourse on the immortality of the soul as a policeman approaches and passes by is as strong a piece of work as has been seen here in many months. It works the audiences up to a great pitch of excitement, almost makes them forget how bored they were during the preceding hour and shows what possibilities there are in "The Cat and the Cherub." But it is only a last gasp and at best too feeble to redeem the play.

The cast presenting the play is rather mediocre. With the exception of Holbrook Blinn as the old doctor and Richard Ganthony as the denkeeper none of the players are as good as should have been secured. In the matter of makeup one and all are splendid. They copy the Chinaman to perfection and in silence could easily pass for the real celestial.

Mr. Frohman will produce "The First Born" soon, in accordance with his original intention. He has seen a performance of "The Cat and the Cherub," and believes he has the stronger play. He will stage it no less handsomely than Mr. Hammerstein has done Fernald's work, and before comparing the two it would be rash to say that serious Chinese drama is either a success or a failure.

Samuely McLeary Weller.



WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING.

Tom Smith, the famous Kansas rifleman, has again been giving exhibitions of his skill at Wichita. The shooting so far outdid anything attempted by the late William Tell, Sr., that musical Kansas is daily expecting that the opera named in honor of the Swiss patriot will be changed to "Tom Smith." Smith stood in position with an apple on his head and a gun pointed over his shoulder.

Carefully sighting the gun, he pulled the trigger. The bullet struck the trigger of another gun placed thirty feet behind him; the second weapon, having been fired in this novel fashion, discharged its bullet at the trigger of a third gun thirty feet in front of the marksman. The shot from the third rifle struck the trigger of [illegible] and, finally, the shot [illegible] on Mr. Smith's head.

EVEN AS YOU AND I.

(Parody on Kipling.)

A fool there was and he cast his vote—
Even as you and I—
For McKinley and Hobart, high tariff and gold,
He might have known better, for he's been told,
But the poor fool didn't, and he got sold,
Even as you and I.

Oh, the votes we waste, and the cheers we waste,
And the future we had planned,
Is lost, because he didn't know,
For now we know that he didn't know,
And did not understand.

A fool there was and he marched all day—
Even as you and I—
Up Fifth avenue and Broadway.
They told him they would increase his pay,
If the results of election came out their way.
But he continues to work for a dollar a day,
Even as you and I.

Oh, the toil he lost and the time he lost,
Marching with Hanna's band,
Just because he didn't know,
For now we know that he didn't know,
And did not understand.

The fool found out that they had lied,
He might have before if he'd only tried;
And he gave up the ghost in despair and
So a part of him lived, but the most of him died—
Even as you and I.

Madame Marchesi, the greatest of all vocal teachers of the old world, has been engaged to teach her wonderful German-Italian method of singing in the United States for a period of seven months, for which she is to receive $40,000, the greatest salary ever paid a vocal teacher. Houston will not be favored with her instruction, but we have with us once more one of Marchesi's favorite pupils, Mrs. Bella McLeod-Smith, who studied with Marchesi several years and is prepared to teach her German-Italian methods of singing. She will open her studio the 1st of October at No. 1204 McKinney avenue and will receive a limited number of pupils.

A Paradise.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!
—Omar Khayyam.

That Affair in the Khyber

Mad Mullah, on a summer's day,
To the Khyber took his way,
And when J. Bull came riding [illegible]
He up and smote him in the eye.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The baddest were those that [illegible]
then.
—Cleveland Plain [illegible]

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that [illegible] harassed condition of the mind [illegible] its origin in dyspepsia. All the [illegible] its that, under the name of the "blue devils," "megrims" and "grubs" torments the dyspeptic [illegible] ceaselessly, vanish when attacked [illegible] Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, [illegible] over, annihilate biliousness, [illegible] chills, fever, kidney complaints and [illegible]ousness.

It Came Down Somewhere.

"I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth I know not where."
But I'll bet you seven dollars [illegible]
It broke a skylight or spoiled a [illegible]
—Harper's [illegible]

A pain in the chest is nature's [illegible] that pneumonia is threatened. [illegible] piece of flannel with Chamberlain's [illegible] Balm and bind over the seat of [illegible] another on the back between the [illegible] and prompt relief will follow. [illegible] druggists.

Strictly Apropos

Soon will the merry iceman [illegible]
And thus philosophize:
"It's wrong to try to estimate
The value by the size."
—Washington [illegible]

TO BE CONTENT AND [illegible]
Use "Garland" Stoves and [illegible]

The Most Dangerous [illegible]

Remember, son, as through [illegible]
tears your path you trace,
That good intentions don't [illegible]
sults in every case;
An' fellers that have caused [illegible]
asters that befell,
Was jes' misguided folks that [illegible]
a-meanin' well.
—Wash[illegible]